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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.



ONE KIND OF INTELLIGENCE.

BEATRICE: The lecture on entomology was very interesting. I thought it rather singular that fleas should be classed among the most intelligent of insects.

HER COUSIN TOM (*just back from Florida*): Well, I don't know. They get on to a great many clever people.

A TESTIMONIAL.

"I UNDERSTAND you tried the faith-cure with success."

"I did. My faith was cured."

NEPHEW TOM: Look here, Uncle Hiram, if you must swear in New York society, why swear like a gentleman. Say "By Jove."

UNCLE HIRAM: What, me! Me, a descendant of old Hallelujah Coffin and Anathema Joye, swear by an immoral god like *him*!



She: I HEAR YOU GOT A LITTLE BROTHER FOR A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT. AIN'T YER GLAD?

He: NAW! **She:** DID YER WANT A SISTER?

He: NAW. I DIDN'T WANT NO BRUDDER NOR NO SISTER NEIDER. I WANTED A FIGHTIN' DORG AN' A PAIR O' SKATES!



THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SON.

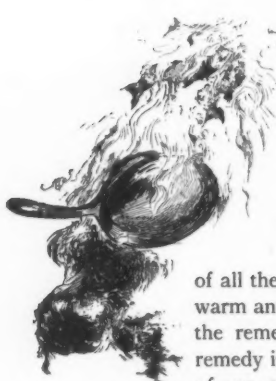


"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIII. JANUARY 4, 1894. No. 575.

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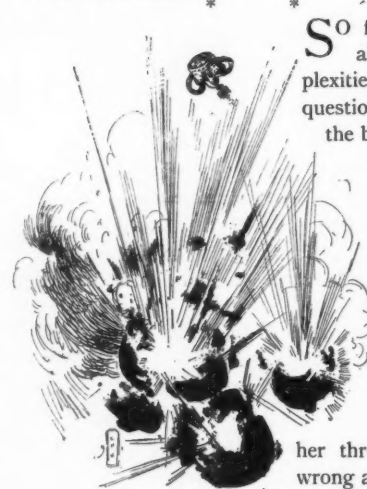


AND now, dearly beloved, Christmas being over, and New Year's past, we return, not without a certain suspicion of relief, to the serious concerns of life. Parsimony, in which some inevitable breaches were made during the holidays, will now resume its sway, and thought being cheap and filling, let us think.

There it plenty to think of. First of all the unemployed and how to feed and warm and clothe them; next the situation and the remedy for it. The primary individual remedy is to spend less money, and that each of us applies to his own case with what success he can. But the unsatisfactory part of that is that the individual remedy aggravates the general disease. How can we make work for the unemployed and contribute to the restoration of business unless we spend our money freely. If we do we ruin ourselves, and if we don't we injure our neighbor. It is an irksome fix that we are in, and as becomes Americans we look to Congress to help us out of it.

Please, gentlemen legislators, do something promptly about the tariff. We know what difficulties beset you; how, if you pass a protection measure you leave us all in the frying pan, and how if you pass a free-trade bill you get us all, temporarily at least, into the fire. Nevertheless, gentlemen, pass something and pass it quick. It is so hot here where we are that we cannot find room to be afraid that you can make it much hotter for us. It may seem unreasonable to you that we should be in such haste to know whether we are to be grilled or merely fried, but oh, gentlemen, unreasonable as it is, we are in haste, and though we are aware that your end of the job is not a simple one, we do hope that you will tackle it forthwith. We are eager to help our neighbor by buying his goods and hiring him to work for us, and we are eager to have him help us by hiring us to work for him, but unless the wheels go round we are powerless and so is he. Wherefore, gentlemen, get your shoulders to those wheels. Pass a bill, the best you can, and we will make the best we can of it.

LIFE remarks with interest that the venerable and respected *Boston Transcript* publishes a Travelers' Guide, which gives the time at which trains start "from Boston to central points." Among the "central points" specified are New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and Montreal. Somehow this headline, insignificant in itself, seems to indicate a change in Boston's estimate of comparative values. There was a time when the good Bostonian recognized but one central point, and that was neither New York, nor Philadelphia, nor Chicago, nor Washington, nor Montreal. It is possible that the Bostonian has come to see his town as others see it, or is it only that there is a new man on the *Transcript's* staff.



SO far as LIFE has been able to fathom the perplexities of the Hawaiian question, it is persuaded that the best friend the present administration has in Hawaii is Queen Liliokulani, who has shown her considerate spirit by refusing to agree to the only terms that could be offered for her restoration. The only very obvious motive for restoring her to her throne was to right a wrong and retrieve the credit of the United States. If she declines to be restored on

reasonable terms, Uncle Sam saves his reputation, Hawaii gets a tolerably good government, and we are quit of the obligation to annex an objectionable dependency. The moral of the Hawaiian muddle promises to be: Be virtuous and you may be happy yet, you bet!

LIFE'S sympathies go out to the professional tramp in the invasion of his calling by hordes of unauthorized persons who have taken up his business because of temporary dissatisfaction with their own. If there ever was a fit time for tramps to form a trades' union and band themselves together against competition, this is that time. There is no assurance to-day for any professional tramp that his dignity will not be assailed by the suspicion that he is an honest workingman out of employment. And what is more ominous still, there is a prospect that in the spread of benevolence, fire, food and lodging will presently be so easily come by that the tramp's professional acumen will be so dulled as to make him incapable of living by his wits in the better times which must presently return. There is some danger that workingmen through stress of circumstances may become permanent tramps, but a much more engrossing peril is that eager and energetic tramps may be demoralized by competition and sink into helpless stationary paupers.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.



A TANGLED SKEIN.

DECEMBER



FATHER CHRISTMAS TO THE RICH.



DROP THAT!



HARVARD TAKES A HELPMATE.



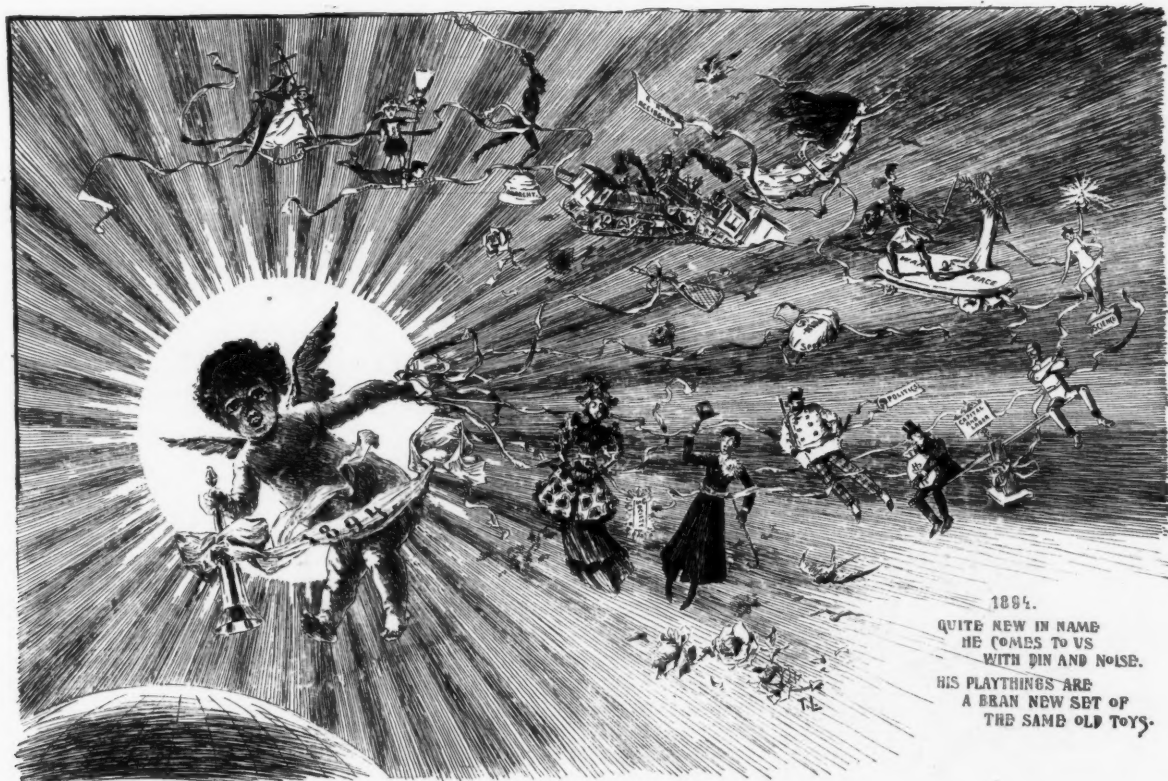
A TOUGH CROWD.





IN VIENNA.

Wife of American Minister: DEAR ME, MR. PENROSE, WHO IS THAT BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN IN THE SHOCKINGLY DECOLLETÉ GOWN?
Mr. Penrose: I THINK THAT MUST BE ONE OF THE ORLOFFS.



1894.
QUITE NEW IN NAME
HE COMES TO US
WITH DIN AND NOISE.
HIS PLAYTHINGS ARE
A BRAND NEW SET OF
THE SAME OLD TOYS.



A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

HE was only an average New Yorker, with a reasonable amount of good taste and the ordinary sense of fairness. He liked to go to the theatre and see a good performance without being obliged to put a mortgage on his brown-stone front to pay for his seat. He had been to the theatre on New Year's eve, and, after a bite of supper, he sat down in the easy chair before the fire and, falling into a doze, dreamed:

That the few remaining managers who permit ticket speculators to do business in front of their doors were condemned to be ticket speculators outside the gates of sheol through all eternity.

That the gentlemen who sing topical songs were compelled to do encore after encore on a red-hot gridiron.

That the ladies who wear large hats at the theatre were all

forced to sit behind each other at every performance during 1894.

That the gentlemen who go out between the acts were chained to their seats during the consecutive performances of twelve Wagnerian operas and eighteen farce-comedies.

That Miss Dottie Dimplets, the well-known *ingénue*, having reached her eighty-fifth year, was given a benefit and retired to a home for aged women.

That Mr. Leander Chumpleigh, the popular leading man and *matinée* favorite, finally learned that in real life well-bred men take off their hats when entering a room where there are ladies.

That Miss Vivienne McCloskey, the greatest light opera prima donna on the American stage, having increased in weight to five hundred pounds, accepted an engagement in a dime museum.

That all xylophone players were obliged to play only to each other.

That the authors and singers of such songs as, "Who will Rush the Growler now that Willie's Gone to Heaven" and "Sad is the Heart of the Pawnbroker's Child" had been sentenced to perpetual confinement in a morgue.

That the New York daily newspapers employed only honest and competent critics and permitted them to tell the truth without reference to the business office.



THE NEW LEAF.

Bishop Gullem: MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, HAVE YOU STARTED IN THIS YEAR TO DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU?

Dear Young Lady: YES. I'VE QUIT SPEAKING TO THOSE GRIGSBY GIRLS.

That a New York manager was sent to an insane asylum because he put a civil employee in the box office.

That all seats in the first two rows of many New York theatres were equipped with nickle-in-the-slot wigs for the use of bald-headed gentlemen.

That the hotel ticket-speculators philanthropically decided that to exact a thirty-three-and-a-third per cent. profit from a business in which they incur no risk is robbing the public.

That all advertisements of theatres announced distinctly the time of beginning the performance.

That such lines as "The cuspidores used in this theatre are supplied by Moses, Isaacs & Co., 42 Baxter St.," were rigidly excluded from all theatrical programmes.



That it was made a penal offence to sing "After the Ball," "Two Little Girls in Blue," or other similar ditties of the vintage of 1893.

That those old and respected citizens who have composed the chorus of grand opera ever since that form of entertainment was introduced in New York, had been replaced by younger singers.

But the average New Yorker then woke up to find that it was all a dream.

RAILROAD MAN (*angrily*): I have just found out that that cow we had to pay for had not given any milk for five years.

FARMER SMARTT: Yaas; that's so.

"It is, is it? Now, sir, what right had you to put such a high value on her? Tell me that."

"Wall, you see, I valued that cow as a curiosity."



AT WHITE HEAT.

She: I AM SO WORRIED ABOUT MY AUNT. SHE IS AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

He: IS THAT YOUR WEALTHY AUNT?

She: YES.

He: WELL, NEVER MIND, DEAREST. YOU HAVE MY LOVE, WHICH IS GREATER THAN EVER.

AN ADDITION TO THE LANGUAGE.

“WOULD you call Dexter a poet?”

“No, sir. He is a riminal.”

“A what?”

“Riminal. That’s a word of my own. If a man who commits crimes is a criminal, I don’t see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn’t be a riminal.”

CRITIC: I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn’t paint anything but birds.

ARTIST (*disgusted*): Those are not ostriches. They are angels!



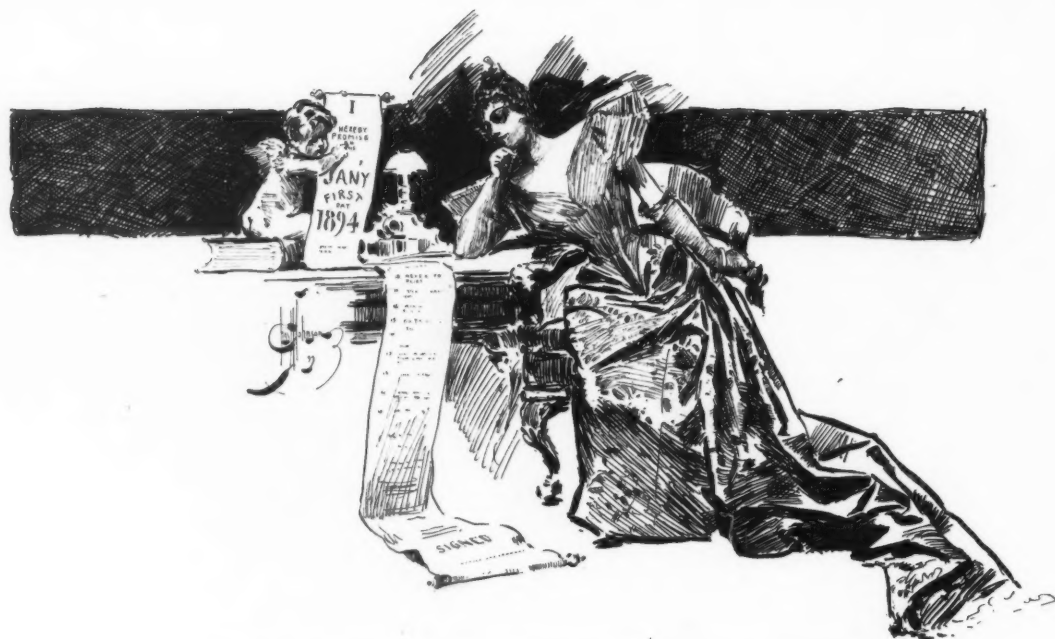
IT WENT AGAINST HIS STOMACH.



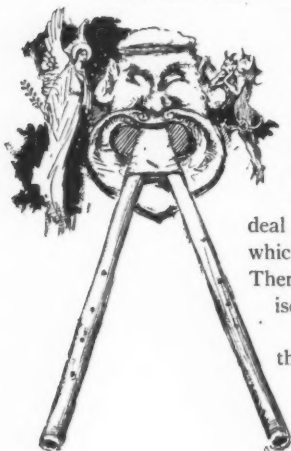
The Young One: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT



PARDON SIR, BUT I BELIEVE IT IS MY TURN NEXT.



RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.



IN most of the misfortunes of life the victim is likely to regret that his foresight was not as good as his hindsight. In the present situation of affairs theatrical, the observer is inclined to wish that his foresight was a good deal better than his hindsight—which, unfortunately, it is not. There are few rainbows of promise in the dramatic horizon.

Looking back, we have some things for which to be thankful. This although the inspiration to new enterprise which was to have been expected from the holding of the

World's Fair resulted more in the importation of foreign talent than in any stimulation of domestic art. In fact, so far as being a factor in dramatic matters was concerned, the

Fair might as well never have been held. The spectacle, "America," and a renewed life to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show were its only contributions to contemporary dramatic art.

The first appearance of Duse in America, the unusually brilliant season of opera begun at the Metropolitan, the return of Irving, Terry, Coquelin and Hading have been the noteworthy incidents to the credit of the year. Of plays, there have been no notable new productions. The American dramatist distinguished himself last year mostly by doing nothing, or not doing anything noteworthy. Foreign writers have distinguished themselves by trying to corrupt us with a deluge of bad plays, beginning with the various adaptations of Dumas's "Demi-Monde" and ending with "A Woman of No Importance." The greatest misfortune of the year has been the death of Edwin Booth, leaving no successor to his mantle and none in sight, unless Mr. Walker Whiteside shall fulfill the promise of the work he did in his short engagement here last spring.

The coming year promises little that is great or encouraging. We have a chance of seeing Mounet-Sully, and ahead of us a long season of those sterling artists, "The Bostonians," who are to give us two new American operas. Beyond this there is absolutely nothing in view that will make the year memorable. Naturally, the amusement-caterers have to take into account the business depression that keeps people from their doors. This in itself is enough to account for the present dull out-look, but there underlies the situation another and more serious reason for the absence of hope. It is the unquestionable debasement of the popular taste.



A BIG SNAP.

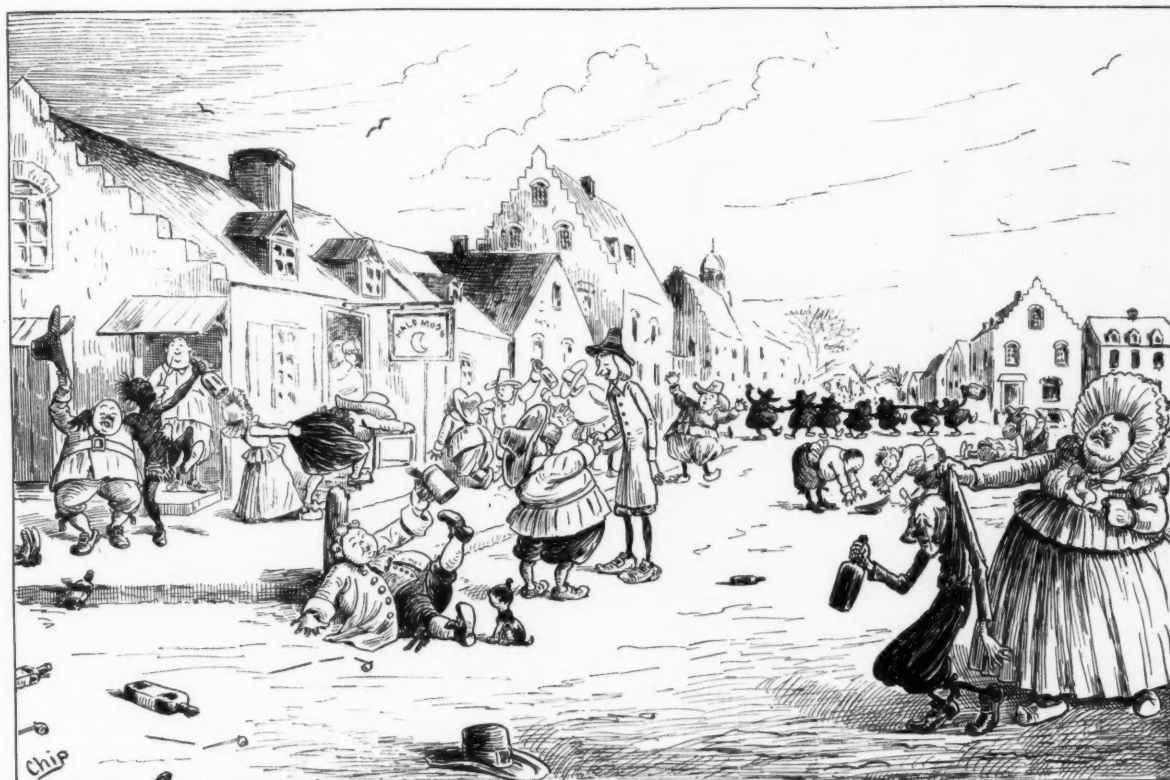
"LOOK, ESERBELLER! WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TER GIT IN DAT SLOON AN' EAT FRUM TWELVE TER SIX FER ONEY A QUATER? WAIT TILL I GIT TEN HORSE SHOES AN' I'LL TREAT."

Managers are not in the theatrical business for fun. They want to attract the people. Therefore they give the people what they want, and what the people want is gorgeous spectacle, fun of the farce-comedy order and drama of the depraved or of the sloppy-weather school. Is it strange that there is little prospect of anything wholesome or scholarly for the next year? *Metcalfe.*

FARMER HARDFIST: What under the sun is the reason that boys are such no-account critters nowadays? Here is our son, Jasper, pretty nigh crazy to leave the old farm and try to git a job in town.

MRS. HARDFIST (meekly): Perhaps he thinks the work won't be quite so hard.

FARMER HARDFIST: Work? Why, shucks, Polly; he don't skurcelly know what work is! He hain't done a thing since supper but milk the cows, feed the horses, slop the hogs, split and carry in the wood and kindlin's, shell a little corn, ketch the colt, and turn the grindstone for me about half an hour. He's had all the rest of the time to himself, except the few minutes it took him to mend the bridle I broke this mornin'. What in the name o' Tunkett makes all boys so crazy to leave the old farm?



THE FIRST OF JANUARY IN NEW AMSTERDAM.



WHILE preparations were being made for the attack on New Orleans, the Navy Department came into possession of a complete set of plans of the defenses of that city. Not only were the positions of the forts laid down, but also the submarine mines, as well as the system of torpedoes, and the reserve of war vessels which were to co-operate with the land batteries. No time was lost in sending it to Admiral Farragut, but no acknowledgment ever reached the Navy Department. Meanwhile, the passage of the forts was effected. New Orleans captured, Admiral Farragut, in due time, went North. Proceeding to Washington he at once called at the Navy Department, where he received hearty congratulations upon his brilliant successes. While he was in the department a prominent official referred to the plans of the defenses of New Orleans, and asked the Admiral if he had ever received them. "Yes," he replied, "I received the plans but, on examination, I found that, according to them, New Orleans could never be taken; so I tore them up and threw them into the waste basket."—*Argonaut*.

WHEN you get an illegible letter from a friend, don't lose your temper and write him a scathing rebuke. Just sit down in a good humor and concoct one like this of Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse:

"My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think

I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'Here's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able, in the course of a few years, to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's, and those i's that have no eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

SCHOOL had opened after the Summer vacation and the teacher was questioning the little boys and girls about what they had been doing in the way of recreation. Suddenly up spoke Johnny Jones.

"My mamma and papa went to the World's Fair."

"What did they bring you home, Johnny?" queried the teacher.

"A souvenir spoon, marm."

"Did it have any words on it?"

"Yes'm, 'For a good boy.'"

Susie Greengage was not to be outdone.

"My ma and pa went too," said she.

"And what did they bring you, Susie?"

"A spoon, and it had on it 'Souvenir of the Fair.'"

Teacher looked over the smiling faces, and observed Sammy Klepto evidently waiting his turn.

"Did your mother and father go to the Fair, Sammy?" she asked.

"Yes, marm, they brought me a big silver spoon."

"What words were on yours?"

"The Richelieu," marm.—*Worcester Spy*.

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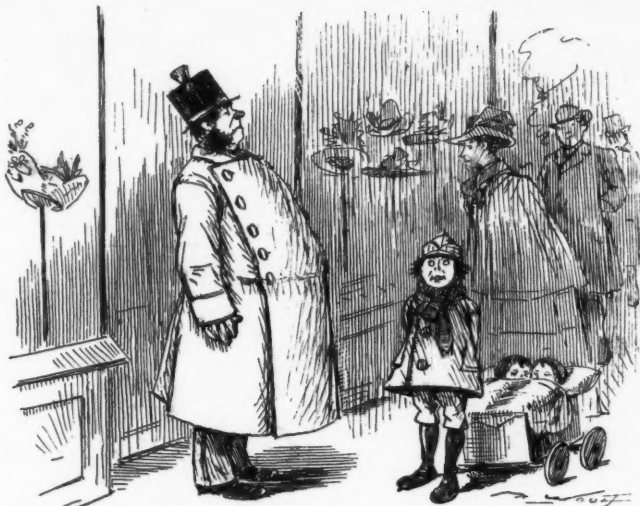
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SIR WILLIAM JENNER, the distinguished English physician, used to tell with great gusto a tale of a footman of Sir Andrew Clark, that other great English physician who has recently died. Sir Andrew was well-known for his kindness to his servants, who regarded their master as the greatest man in the world. One day a gentleman in urgent need of Sir Andrew's services learned from Jeames that it was impossible to see the eminent physician except by appointment.

"But it is most urgent," cried the caller, in dismay.

"Quite impossible, sir."

"Well, can you not tell me, then, of some one else near at hand?"

"Well, sir," replied Jeames, reflectively, "there is a very respectable general practitioner named Jenner on the other side of the street; I think I may recommend him."—*Argonaut.*

MRS. INCHEALD had a child-like directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most comical charm. Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the dripping coachman offered her his arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the amusement of her fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-y-you will give me my death of cold! Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man."—*Argonaut.*

SMALL BROTHER: "I should think sister would a good deal rather have you call on her than Mr. Gethere."

NEW ADMIRER (*delighted*): Would she? Why?

SMALL BROTHER: "Cause he always musses up her hair so."—*Good News.*

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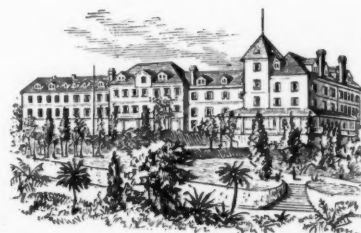
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